

[illegible]

OR, HIS FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

indignant protest, had made him realize he bitterly craved he had been; how, if he deliberately set himself to make the horror of his life greater he could not have done more effectively. Of course she would not trust him any more; he could not blame her and so his purpose—an honest and manly purpose now—to help her could do no good. For a long while he stood in silence, looking away from her out over the plain, chewing the end of most bitter thoughts.

At last Mary spoke: "John, tell me that you didn't mean it. I'm sure you didn't. I'm so very, very unhappy, John. And w

“Notice.—If the homely woman about forty years of age who lost a pocketbook containing \$14.55, on Spadina avenue this morning, will apply to — she can have the money by paying for this notice.”

He explained that he had seen the woman drop the pocketbook, but that he was anxious to keep the contents, and he was of the opinion that no woman for as small a sum as \$14.55 would ever answer to the advertisement as he had written it.

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Faults are always thick where love is thin.

:That was a brave deed. The engine
is dead, I hear."

stepped on the engine that night, at Providence depot," said my old friend.

Wooster—"O Miss—O Lavinia! may I still hope?—or is your cruel rejection of me final and irrevocable?" Spinsters (firmly) regard it so." Wooster—"Then, dearest, may I ask you"—producing the manuscript from adjacent writing table—"to—al—out it on paper? I shall feel safer!"

A Leading Question.

"Which would you rather be, a knave or a fool?" asked Idiots.

"I don't know," replied Cynicus, "but I have been your experience!"

The Steamship Croma Enveloped in Mist

which left Dundee on Feb. 13, got into port last week with a tale to tell. Capt. Le-

The Epicure.
"Croquet is the deadiest game I know," said Sumbly.
"Well, many people like their game pret dead."

Always So Perplexing!

He (and he really meant' all he said)—assure you I'll do my best to make you good husband." She (in the agitation the moment, perhaps, forgetting that "woman who hesitates is lost")—"Oh!—I no doubt your intention is excellent; but good husbands are not easily made. If you could assure me—you had—ever before

LIFE IN A SUGAR-BUSH

Syrup in the Past and Ho

A SUGAR ORCHARD
of 500 or 400 trees was recognized as one
the biggest men in town. At the pres-
ent time the farmer is not content with less than
1,000 trees, and he holds them as precious
as the owner of an orange orchard does
fruit trees. Every young maple is carefully
looked after. If there is a scruboak, bee-
ch or birch near by to impede its growth it
is cut into firewood. Many an orchard to-
is so cleared of fallen timbers and
brush that in the summer months one
drive over nearly every portion of it with
horse and buggy. The small streams
and roads are found on

house of seventy years ago. In this w
floored room are stored the buck

room, parlor, or dance hall. In it you will see a fine brick arch, an evaporator

tations 350. The nine cavalry regiments in India absorb 1300 of the 11,800, and the remainder all are in the British Isles, with the exception of 350 with the 11th Cavalry in the Natal and 500 of the Seventeenth Hussars in Egypt and South Africa. The preference is always given to English horses when they fulfil the requirements of the equine recruiting office. The small number of mules in the army, somewhat noticeable, considering how inferior, for many points of view, these animals are for some branches of the service.

The Highway Cow.

One horn was turned up and the other turned down.

the previous years, and is amply explained by diseases and injuries to which the potatoes have been subjected. It is well known that time has been subjected as long as a plant is entirely vigorous and healthy, a cutting from it reproduces the same characteristics. But let its vigor be impaired so as first not to be seriously noticed, and it becomes greatly increased. This is only another illustration of the fact that evil influences are cumulative, and unchecked will work destruction. But in potatoes, this evil need not go far, as a single return to new varieties grown from seed balls sets the plant with renewed vigor, thus increasing attacks of its enemies.

A Leading Question.
 "Which would you rather be, a knave or a knight?"

has been your experience?"

Grandmother—"I, my dear? Bless my soul! Your mamma and cook will

pie.

To-day the maple sugar-bush is in

—mostly maple, a few beech and birch.

every rat, which have been food for the
and weasels in England, are increas-

h—you, more rat destroyers.

MAIN STREET, WOODBURY